



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

In Recital

BRENDA RANDALL, mezzo-soprano

assisted by

LORETTA DUECK, pianist

Saturday, March 12, 1988 at 8:00 p.m.

Aderò, volerò, griderò from Orlando Finto Pazzo
Lagrimetta alle pupille from La Verità in Cimento

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Proses Lyriques (1892-93)

De Rêve
De Grève
De Fleurs
De Soirs

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

INTERMISSION

Mausfallen Sprüchlein (1882)
Gesang Weylas (1888)
Elfenlied (1888)
Auch Kleine Dinge (1892)
Auf Einer Wanderung (1888)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Three Songs of Venice (1976)
The Gondolier
St. Mark's Square
Rain Storm

Micheal Head
(1900-1976)
Lyrics by Nancy Bush

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mrs. Randall.

I wish to express my thanks to all who helped me in the preparation for tonight; your assistance is very much appreciated. I hope that everyone here this evening will join us in our new home for the reception which immediately follows the recital.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

U. of A

87 Ave.

Groat Rd.

Westmount Shopping Center

118 Ave

St. Albert Trail

* Randall
#9 Home

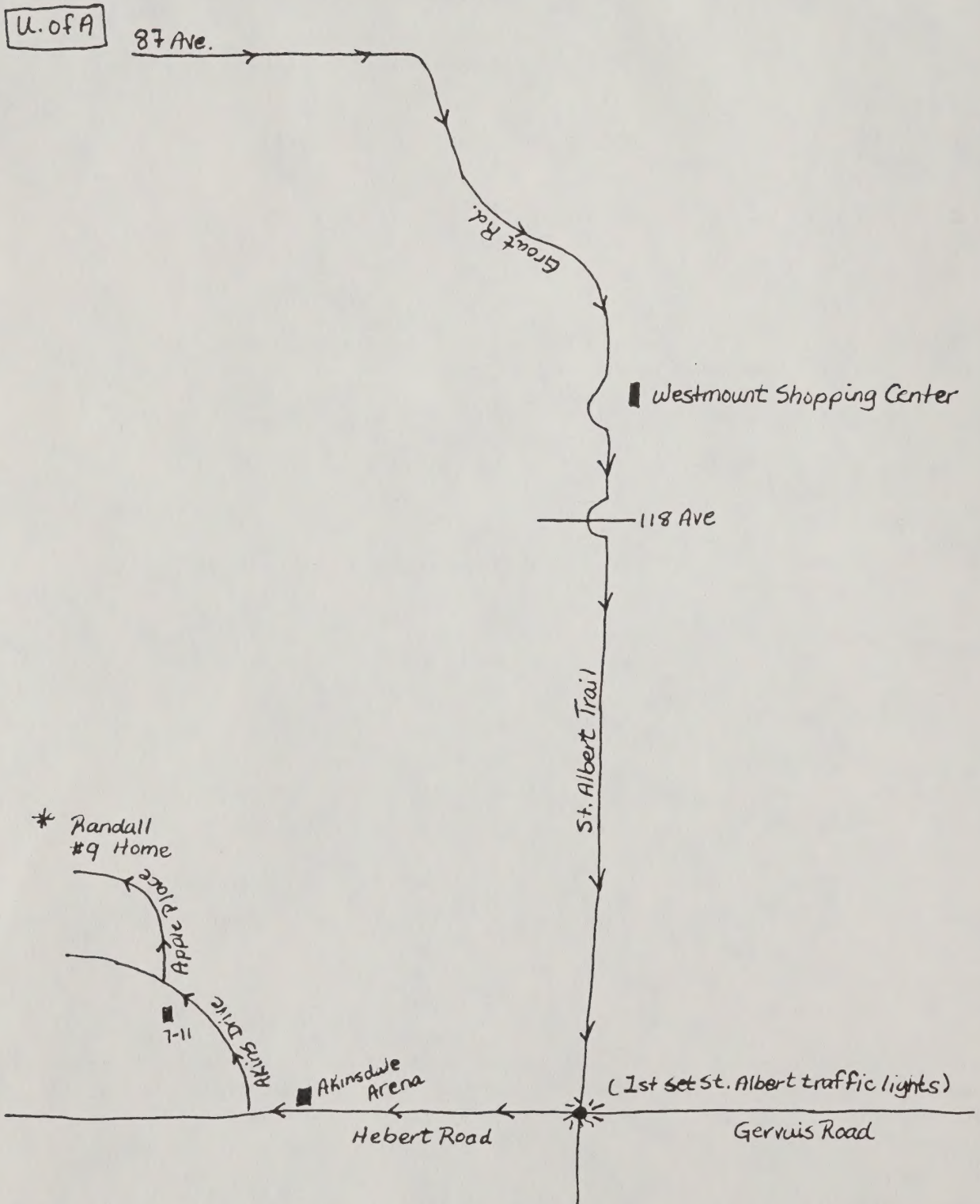
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Arena

(1st set St. Albert traffic lights)

Hebert Road

Gervais Road



Aderò, volerò, griderò (I will go, I will fly, I will shout)

Aderò, volerò, griderò su la senna, su il Tebro, su il Reno animando a battaglia a vendetta ogni cuore che vanti valor. Volerò, griderò, "Vendetta, battaglia, vendetta!" Empio duol che mi serpi nel seno scaglia pur la fatale saetta a finire il mio acerbo dolor.

I will go, I will fly, I will shout on the Seine, on the Thames, on the Rhein. I will go lively to battle to revenge every heart which is worthy of valour. I will go, I will shout "Revenge, battle, revenge!" The impious grief which creeps around my breast like a serpent is hurling the fatal arrow of lightening to finish my pungent sorrow.

Lagrimetta alle pupille (A Little Tear from the Eyes)

Lagrimetta alle pupille ha sdegnosi e mesti accenti, interrotti da sospiri, siano a danno del tiranno, l'armi tue il tuo poter. Ma se poi aver non puoi dal tuo pianto tante stille che dian forza a'tuoi lamenti, altre smanie, altri deliri fa' ch'aggiunga l'arte al ver.

A little tear from the eyes conveys indignant and sad remarks interrupted by lamenting. The weapons and power of the tear should be disadvantageous to the tyrant. But then, if you cannot, with these tears from your sorrow, give strength to your complaints, other wild desires, frenzied deliriums, could be added to show the truth by art.

Translations kindly provided by Pino Monorchio

Proses Lyriques by Claude Debussy

De Rêve

La nuit a des douceurs de femme

Et les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or,

Songent!

A celle qui vient de passe la tête
emperiée,
Maintenant navrée, à jamais navrée,

Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe...

Toutes! elles ont passé:
les Frêles, les Folles,
Semant leur rire gazon grêle,

aux brises frôleuses la caresse
charmeuse
des hanches fleurissantes.

Hélas! de tout ceci, plus rien
qu'un blanc frisson...
Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or
pleurent leurs belles feuilles d'or!

Nul ne leur dédiera plus la fierté
de casques d'or

Maintenant ternis, à jamais ternis.
Les chevaliers sont morts
Sur le chemin du Graal!
La nuit a des douceurs de
femme,

Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,

mains si folles, si frêles,
Au temps où les épées chantaient
pour Elles!
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent sous
les arbres.
Mon âme c'est du rêve ancien qui
t'étreint!

Of Dreams...

The night has the sweetness
of woman

and the old trees under the
golden moon
are dreaming!

To her who has just passed
with head bepearled,
now heartbroken, for ever
heartbroken,
they did not know how to give
her a sign...

All! they have passed:
the Frail Ones, the Foolish Ones,
casting their laughter to the
thin grass,
and to the fondling breezes
the bewitching caress
of hips in the fullness of their
beauty

Alas! of all this, nothing is
left but a pale tremor...

The old trees under the
the golden moon
are weeping their beautiful
golden leaves!

None will again dedicate to
them the pride of the golden
helmets.

Now tarnished, tarnished forever.

The Knights are dead
On the way to the Grail!

The night has the sweetness of
woman,

hands seem to caress the
souls,
hands so foolish, so frail,
in the days when the swords
sang for them!

Strange sighs rise under the
trees.

My soul you are gripped
by a dream of olden
times!

De Grève...

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,
Soie blanche effilée.
Les vagues comme des petites folles
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,

Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,
Soie verte irisée!
Les nuages, graves voyageurs,
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,
Et c'est un fond vraiment trop grave

A cette anglaise agurelle.
Les vagues, les petites vagues,
Ne savent plus où se mettre,
Car voici la méchante averse,
Froufrous de jupes envolées,
Soie vert affolée.
Mais la lune, compatissante à tous!
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit.
Et caresse lentement ses petites
amies
Qui s'offrent comme lèvres aimantes
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.
Puis, plus rien...
Plus que les cloches attardées
des flottantes églises!
*Angélus des vagues,
Soie blanche apaisée!

Of The Shore...

Over the sea twilight falls,
frayed white silk.
The waves like little mad things
chatter, little girls coming out of
school,
amid the rustling of their dresses,
iridescent green silk!
The clouds, grave travellers,
hold council about the next storm,
and it is a background really too
solemn
for this English water-colour.
The waves, the little waves,
no longer know where to go,
for here is the annoying downpour,
rustling of flying skirts,
panic-stricken green silk.
But the moon, compassionate towards all!
comes to pacify this grey conflict.
And slowly caresses his little friends
who offer themselves like loving lips
to his warm, white kiss.
Then, nothing more...
Only the belated bells of the floating
churches!
Angelus of the waves,
calmed white silk!

*Angelus is a Roman Catholic devotion that commemorates the Incarnation and is said at morning, noon, and evenings.

De Fleurs...

Dans l'ennui si désolément vert de
la serre de douleur,
Les fleurs enlacent mon coeur de
leurs tiges méchantes.
Ah! quand reviendront autour de
ma tête
Les chères mains si tendrement
désenlaceuses?
Les grands Iris violets
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux
En semblent les refléter,
Eux, qui furent l'eau du songe
où plongèrent mes rêves
Si doucement enclosen leur couleur;
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau de
pistils embaumés,
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche
Et ne sont plus que pauvres
malades sans soleil!
Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,
Tueur de rêves! Tueur d'illusions!
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!
Mirages! Plus ne reflleurira la
joie de mes yeux
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,
Mes yeux sont lasses de pleurer!
Eternellement ce bruit fou des
pétales noirs de l'ennui
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma
tête
Dans le vert de la serre de
douleur!

Of Flowers...

In the tedium so desolately green of
the hothouse of grief,
The flowers entwine my heart with
their wicked stems.
Ah! when will return around
my head
the dear hands so tenderly
disentwining?
The big violet irises
wickedly ravished your eyes
while seeming to reflect them,
they, who were the water of the
dream into which my dreams plunged
so sweetly enclosed in their colour;
and the lilies, white fountains of
fragrant pistils,
have lost their white grace
and are no more than poor sick
things without sun!
Sun! friend of evil flowers,
Killer of dreams! Killer of illusions!
This consecrated bread of wretched souls!
Come! Come! Redeeming hands!
Break the window-panes of falsehood,
Break the window-panes of malefice,
My soul dies of too much sun!
Mirages! the joy of my eyes will not
flower again
and my hands are weary of praying,
my eyes are weary of weeping!
Eternally this maddening sound of the
black petals of tedium
falling drop by drop on my head
in the green of the hothouse of grief!

De Soir...

Dimanche sur les villes,
Dimanche dans les coeurs!
Dimanche chez les petites filles
chantant d'une voix informées
des rondes obstinées où de bonnes Tours
n'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!
Dimanche, les gares sont folles!
Tout le monde appareille pour des
 banlieux d'aventure
en se disant adieu avec des gestes
 éperdus!
Dimanche, les trains vont vite,
dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;
Et les bons signaux des routes
échangent d'un oeil unique
des impressions toutes mécaniques.
Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves,
Où mes pensées tristes de feux
 d'artifices manquées
Ne veulent plus quitter le deuil
de vieux Dimanches trépassés.
Et la nuit, à pas de velours,
vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,
et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues
 d'étoiles;
la Vierge or sur argent
laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!
Vite, les petites anges, dépassez
 les hirondelles
afin de vous coucher, forts
 d'absolution!
Prenez pitié des villes,
Prenez pitié des coeurs
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

Of Evening...

Sunday in the towns,
Sunday in the hearts!
Sunday for the little girls
Singing with immature voices
persistent rounds where good Towers
will last only for a few days!*

Sunday, the stations are frenzied!
Everyone sets off for the suburbs
 of adventure
Saying goodbye with distracted
 gestures!
Sunday, the trains go quickly,
devoured by insatiable tunnels;
the good signals of the tracks
interchange with a single eye
purely mechanical impressions.
Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,
where my sad thoughts of
 abortive fireworks
will no longer cease to mourn
for only Sundays long departed.
And the night, with velvet steps,
sends the beautiful, tired sky to sleep,
and it is Sunday in the avenues of
 the stars;
the Virgin, gold upon silver,
lets the flowers of sleep fall!
Quickly the little angels, overtake
 the swallow
to put you to bed, blessed by
 absolution!
Take pity on the towns,
take pity on the hearts,
You, Virgin gold upon silver!

*The girl who is the tower in the centre of the round will soon be replaced by another girl.

Translations taken from Pierre Bernac's
The Interpretation of French Song

Hugo Wolf

Mausfallen Sprüchlein

(Das Kind geht dreimal um die Falle
und Spricht:)

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus,
liebe Mäusin, oder Maus,
stelle dich nur kecklich ein
heute Nacht bei Mondenschein,
Mondenschein, Mondenschein!
Mach aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu.
Hörst du? Hörst du?
Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!
Hörst du! Hörst du?
Dein Schwänzchen!
Nach Tische singen wir,
nach Tische springen wir und machen ein
 Tänzchen, ein Tänzchen!
Witt, witt! Witt, witt!
Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrschein lich mit.
Hörst du? Hörst du?

Gesang Weylas

Du bist Orplid*, mein Land
das ferne euchtet.
Vom Meere dampfet dein besonnter
 Strand den Nebel,
so der Götter Wange feuchtet.

Uralte Wasser steigen verjüngt um
 deine Hüften, Kind!
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen sich Könige
 die deine Wärter sind.

Mouse-catching Rhyme

(The child walks three times around
the trap and says:)

Little guests, little house
Dear lady mouse or gentleman mouse,
Come in then, step lively
Tonight by moonlight!

But make sure the door shuts well behind you.
Do you hear? Do you hear?
Moreover, mind your little tail!
Do you hear? Do you hear?
Your little tail!
After dinner we sing
After dinner we spring and have
 a little dance!
Come, come! Come, come!
My old cat will probably dance, too.
Do you hear? Do you hear?
Do you hear?

Weyla's Song

You are Orplid, my land
shining from afar.
Your sunny shore draws upward from the
 sea
the mist which moistens the cheeks of the
 gods.
Primeval waters surge about your loins and
 find new youth, my child!
Before your divinity Kings bow, they
 who are your vassals.

*Orplid is an imaginary island whereon stands a statue of the goddess of Weyla.

Elfenlied

Bei nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
"Elfe!"
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde
schlief wohl um die Elfe!
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem
Tal bei seinem Namen die
Nachtigall,
oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
begibt sich vor sein Schnenkenhaus
und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
sein Schläfein war nicht voll getan.
Und humpelt also, tippe tapp,
durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
und treibens in dem Saale:
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"
Pfui! Stösst den Kopf an harten
Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk!

Song of the Elf

At night in the village the watchman
cried, "Eleven!"^{*}
A tiny, little elf in the forest
was fast asleep at eleven o'clock!
and he thought that the nightingale
in the valley was calling
him by name,
Or that Silpelit^{**} had summoned him.
The elf rubs his eyes open,
Sets out from his snail-shell house,
and is just like a drunken man,
as his nap was not quite finished.
He stumbles then, tippety-tap,
through the hazel-wood into the valley below,
creeps very close to the wall,
where sit the glow worms, light upon light.
"What are all those bright, little windows?
There must be a wedding in there:
the little ones are sitting at a meal
and amusing themselves in the hall.
I will just peep a bit inside!"
Ouch! He has banged his head on
a hard stone!
Elf, now then, have you had enough?
Cuckoo!

^{*}The German word "Elfe" is a play on words. It means both "elf" and "eleven o'clock".

^{**}Silpelit is one of the chiefs of the elf kingdom.

Auch Kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern, wir uns mit Perlen
Schmücken,
sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind
nur klein.
Bendekt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr
wisst.

Even Little Things

Even little things can charm us,
even little things can be costly.
Think how gladly we adorn
ourselves with pearls,
they are dearly bought and are
but small.
Think how tiny is the fruit of the olive tree,
Yet for its goodness it is sought.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
and you know how sweet is its
scent.

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
in den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
über den reichsten Blumenflor hinweg,
hört man Goldglocken töne schweben
und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
dass die Blüten beben,
dass die Lüfte leben,
dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten
vor.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lust beklommen!

Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht!
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch,
wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle.
Ich bin wie trunken irriggeführt!
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
mit einem Liebeshauch!

Wandering

I entered a friendly little town
while the streets were bathed in the evening sun's red
glow.
From an open window nearby,
out over a bed of marvelous flowers,
came drifting the tones of golden bells,
and a voice like a chorus of nightingales,
made the blossoms quiver,
the breezes spring to life,
and the roses glow in their deep, red
splendour.
I stood there a long time astonished,
overcome by joy!
How I ever left those grounds,
indeed, I do not know!
Ah, but the world is beautiful here!
The sky is surging in crimson billows
behind the town in a golden haze.
How the brook is rushing under the alder trees,
how the mill is rumbling in the gorge.
I am bemused, intoxicated!
Oh Muse, you have touched my
heart with a breath of love!

Three Songs of Venice

First performed at the Royal Festival Hall on 24 October, 1977, at a concert given in aid of the Venice in Peril fund by Dame Janet Baker and André Previn.

The Gondolier

Dark he moves from shade to sun;
His single oar, rhythmic and slow,
Divides the quiet waterway,
Dips down but scarcely stirs its flow.
High on the prow, a man of bronze,
He rides against the summer light;
Bridges and walls of golden stone
Behind him move and glide from sight.
Idle we lie. Silent and still
The boat drifts down the narrow way
And high above, houses and towers
Stand close, to shut us from the day.
Then, where the channel turns,
He pauses, lifts his oar,
And calls, "Ohé, Ohé, Ohé,"
And all around
The walls throw back the sound.
Then as the long prow lifts and swings,
The curious echo rings,
Here, for a space, then gone,
The herald of our silent coming on.

St. Mark's Square

A shower of pigeons arch over the rooftops,
Their flight into light, into morning begun,
And thousands of wings are dipping and wheeling
To shadow the water, to darken the sun.
And into the square the people are pressing
To stare at the domes, to gape at the tower,
To laugh and to listen, as sounding above them
The clappers of bronze are striking the hour.
A commonplace crowd, some wander unheeding;
Yet some will look back and remember at last
The marvel of stone that rises around them,
The grace of the city, the dream of the past.

Rain Storm

Last night, a storm of rain.
This morning city is grey,
The endless blue of the sky clouded away
With a look of autumn.
Under wet awnings tables stand
Empty, and sudden wind
Scurries the first of fallen leaves.
Venice, beautiful city of sun--
So will she look when winter comes,
When all her alleys and squares are cold
And her great churches dark,
When we, creatures of summer, are gone
and all our pleasures done.
And those who stay look out and fear
The fall of the year,
The water's constant ebb and flow,
Silent and slow,
Fretting the stone, lapping the marble floor,
Until the winter flood turns back no more,
To lose in the drowning tide
A city more beautiful than any other.

